

J. M. J.

NOVITIATE S. S. C. M.
BEAVERVILLE, ILLINOIS

March 16, 1942

Reverend Father Alaysius
St. Jude Seminary
Mokenca, Illinois

Dear Father Alaysius:

Nothing is so precious as a feast-day gift than the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. Your offering it made it doubly so since I know how fervently you pray for all our needs.

I wish to thank you moreover for your personal wishes which are so Christ-like. God, in His infinite Mercy seems to have heard your earnest petition that my love for the Blessed Sacrament increase. Please help me thank Him for it and also for having so mercifully delivered our privileged one and me from a diabolical obsession which has been the cause of untold agony of soul for several months.

J. M. J.

O. L. A. Manteno.
March 18, 1942.

Dear Reverend Father:

This had been a week of grace about which I feel I must tell you - It might take too long to say, so I write, contrary to my resolve.

God is letting me see clearly much of my human frailty and miseries. While heretofore I was fairly successful in the practice of virtue, I feel the moment has now come where I am not so. He is leaving me more to myself, the grace is my realization that He is doing this for my good, and the knowledge I am gaining of God's goodness and my own nothingness. I have been putting up what seemed to me a fierce battle against self during this Lent but my efforts avail little or nothing but pain, distress, broken resolves. I ardently desire to be united to God, but I cannot be all His, when I am yet so full of self. I must be stripped and who but God can do it? Is He not in His infinite wisdom and love supplanting my efforts in a way I least expected? I unknowingly let many opportunities of practicing virtue pass by, - the misery of it was - God let me see after each or some how lacking I was in thoughtfulness, sweetness and condescension and how unlike Him I am when He leaves me to myself. I realize His goodness and Merciful Love in a way never seen before - but I feel it is greater now for He is letting my defects be seen and steeping my soul in humility that He may draw me closer, that I may be united to Him. In this is my delight. He is granting me my most intimate desire - in the measure in which we die to self, are we not ~~more~~ transformed into Him? The poor human ache was intense a few times this week, but with the power of His divinity when the ache was greatest, I was able to thank Him. I never knew how I doted on self, or what complacency there really is in the practice of virtue. There is a measure of satisfaction in it.

After God had been doing this to me a couple days, one morning at meditation I realized all, and manifested my willingness and ardent desire to be stripped according to the wisdom of His providential love. I read that same day that true and REAL LOVE is loving God when there is no human satisfaction or pleasure but His sweet will and divine good pleasure. I want to love God in this way, and I promised Him fidelity. I gladly offered Him the sacrifice of all sensible comfort and joy in my desire to love Him purely for Himself. It took courage but I did it. I asked Him, too, to let me be a failure, a constant failure if it would be to His greater glory, and I meant it, I meant it. I must be steeped in humility and I am not even humble. I am ready to battle with Him against this tyrant self. It seems to be my labor to let Him have His way, it's a hard battle but with Him I will do it.

I have been daring in my promises to my Divine Lover this week, pray that I may be faithful, and make ~~my~~ my one and only desire and effort union with Him, Union with His will, His good pleasure, love for His sake alone, the rest is His business.

J. Mant

J. M. J.

Our Lady Academy
Manteno, Illinois

March 23, 1942

Reverend Father Alayncine

Dear Father,

I would like to tell you about our ceremony and how good God is to me. It seems to me He lavishes so much love upon me, that all I can do is let it overflow on those around me and try my very best to be to Him this little host of love in return.

God's love is so far beyond my imaginings that I can find no expression for it.

First of all, God permitted that I should have a fall just the week before. Mother sent me to the doctor to have a check-up because sometimes I am not so well. This time I had really been feeling all right, but I had lost some

weight. The doctor decided that it would be better for me not to fast although I had already done it for three weeks of Lent. Mother agreed with what the doctor had said and told me not to fast. I was not nice at all in accepting this and I resented it very much. I kept thinking of reasons why I could fast and why I did not like what I had to do. For two days I was like this. Then on the second day while I was making my visit to the Blessed Sacrament, it seemed as if someone lifted all the ugliness from me, and I felt very calm and peaceful. At the same time I realized how wrong I was in not submitting my will and judgment without a murmur or question. I was filled with confusion at the thought of my littleness and meanness. I was sorry for such black

The last three days before ceremony, I asked the Eternal Trinity to prepare me for my espousals to the Lord. That is how I like to consider my perpetual vows. Frances says that is what they were.

When I reached Beaverville on Wednesday morning, all the sensible devotion I had left me. I think I had the same fervor, the same will, the same desires; but I was cold and could not pray or form any words, so I spent most of my time sitting or kneeling before the tabernacle. I felt as if I did not realize any more what was going to happen. Sometimes I felt out of place. In the evening we practiced for the ceremony and things began to seem a little more solemn, but were still flat.

In the morning before Mass we went with Reverend

ingratitude and infidelity and
just at a time when I should
have been making an effort to
be especially attentive to all God
should ask of me. Then I
wanted to go to Confession, but
God wanted me to remain
humbled in my own eyes
and ashamed of myself. The
day you came, I was away.

Ordinarily, it is not hard
for me to submit to others, and
I think that God permitted this
fall to humble me and to
make me realize that He is
the one who does all in me
and not I by myself. I think
He wanted to show me my
weakness.

Before I went to Beauville
I had time to read Marmion's
"Sponsa Verbi" as you had asked.
I liked it very much. Yesterday
I finished reading St. Bernard's
commentary on the "Canticle of
Canticles". I enjoyed that, too.

Mothers to pray before the
relics of our Father Founder
and to venerate the relic of
his right arm.

Then it was time for Mass.
For weeks before, I had been
telling Jesus that on the day
of our espousals we must kiss.
Earthly lovers do, and we are
more than they. I told Him
I would kiss Him with all
His Divine Love and with His
own Adorable Lips. Just after
Holy Communion I did this and
told Him He could not resist
kissing His little spouse in return.
Although He let me neither feel
nor know anything, I am
sure He kissed me, too. He is
so loving, He could not refuse.

Frances told me that she
was one with me in all my
desires and that she could not
express all she felt, but at Mass
she had prayed, "Father, glorify
Thy Son that He may glorify Thee".
She asked this for me.

it was possible to have.

I told Frances about the prayer I carried on my heart that day. This is what I did: At first I had tried to write one of my own telling Jesus how I wanted to love Him, etc. but it did not suit me. The thought came to me to use the one which Frances prays for me; I thought that never could I find one more beautiful and more in keeping with the desire of my heart. (Now I will have to go back still farther.)

When Frances left here to go to Beaverville on May 31, 1940, she left me a holy card which had a picture of a host on it suspended above the chalice of a lily. The Holy Ghost was hovering above. On the back she had written:

"I shall always pray that you may ever be a 'Spotless Host,' the joy

of His Heart, and
the life of countless
souls."

She had written that the
evening before. That same
evening Mother let us have a
visit and I told Frances
how in the morning on the
Feast of the Sacred Heart and
of Mary Mediatrix, I was
to consecrate myself as a
holocaust of Divine Love, a
victim of the Love of the Sacred
Heart. She was overjoyed to
hear it, although I felt sure
she had always known
how I desired to become
a victim of Love. Then she
told me the most beautiful
part of all: When Frances
consecrated herself as a
living chalice when we were
in the Novitiate together, she
offered me as the host. So
host and chalice we were,
although I never knew about
my part until I, too, consecrated

myself. I have always liked to think of myself as being His living host. You remember, I told you how I liked to think of it even as a girl at home and how I liked the words of the Mass - "a holy sacrifice, a spotless host."

So that is why, Father, I carried Frances' prayer for me on the day of my perpetual vows. It expressed all my heart yearns for. I told Frances I was carrying it.

When Frances and I visited in January she told me more. I was telling her how, as I put away the chalice one day, I thought how wonderful it is to be a living chalice and hold the Precious Blood. I was thinking of her. Then I thought it would be just as wonderful to be a living host and hold

On the altar in Beaverville
There were white roses. Mother
St. Eugene had brought them
for me and I had asked
him to buy white ones. I
thought the roses were for
her and the white for the
Lord. For weeks before I had
asked you to bring them
never or they grew because
they were for him and me
on the day of our separation.
I do not know how to
thank you, Father, for coming
on Friday morning for them.
I offered that Mass in thanks
giving for all the grace that
has given my family and me
and also our congregation.
God seemed to give me with
this love again and I feel
understanding of all the love for
me. At the altar, I offered
myself with you in the Lord
and I offered them with
you in the choir. The time of us

say our Mass together now, since we are back and chalice.

All the children offered their Mass for me that morning, too.

Mother St. Eugene had planned everything to give my parents and sister a happy visit. She is always thoughtful and delicate in all she does for us. Such people as Mother always make me feel that it is God's own love within them that makes them so good to others.

Then I feel as if God is too good to me. He is always lavishing marks of His love upon me. When I went to thank Mother, I broke down; it just seemed as if it was all too much for one like me and everyone around me always treats me in the same loving way.

Now since all the ceremony and celebration are finished, I feel in my heart a longing to keep myself always pure and stainless so that not a single thing may hinder the union

of Jesus and me. I want always
to be His spotless host and ever
to be one with Him in an
embrace of love. Father, please
ask God to keep me spotless
for His Divine Son.

May God bless you and
thank you.

Sister Mary Christine

Prayer:

Celebrate Mass of St. John (at least 12 times daily)
(and as many as possible in the Sacramental
Presence.)

Frequent interior visits to my Trinity, God within me
(at least 20 per day)

Lent 1942

Sister Mary. P.B.

MY LENTEN RESOLVE

I will be united with Christ, the great High Priest and Victim,
in the Mass, for the glory of the Father, by letting myself
be sacrificed according to His desires moment by moment, -
giving Him a "free hand" in all things, - giving, giving,
giving, always giving in union with my Crucified Love, for the
glory of the Eternal Father - with His ardent love, His
holy abandonment, His meekness and humility - with Him always
and in all.

Practice: Silence of mind and tongue. Fidelity and obedience
to the least movement of the Spirit of God within me.